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The trumpet notes of "The Little Con-queror" have sounded far and near in the triumphal march through Michigan. From the crowded city to the hamlet the echo is resounding, bringing words of hope and good cheer to thousands of sufferers. Pubgood cheer to thousands of sufferers. Public endorsement is its strength, and that is why success follows each advancing step. People are beginning to understand that there is no proof like home proof. Muskegon has produced several such cases as that of Mrs. Chas. Sleygh, and they like to read and know about them, for it means comfort to all. Mrs. Sleygh is a citizen of Muskegon and resides at No. 260 Lake St. She says:

"I could not speak words of praise that

"I could not speak words of praise that would be strong enough to tell what I feel for Doan's Kidney Pills. My trouble, for Doan's Kidney Pills. My trouble, seemed to be the result of a severe attack of the grip which I had about four years ago, and it developed into a genuine kidney affliction. During these years I have suffered everything. At times the misery has made me wish I were dead. My back was in a terrible condition. I had spells of such severity that the pain would force me to walk bent over for a whole week. I could not stand up straight. The flesh on my back over the kidneys was sore to the touch, the bladder became affected as well, and I have suffered with it more than tongue can tell. The urine was scanty, and at times tell. The urine was scanty, and at times would not come at all. There was much would not come at all. There was much inflammation, causing fever and an intense burning and stinging feeling. I was feeling badly when I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, which I procured at Brundage's drug store. They have done great things for me. I now feel like another person. My terrible backache is better, the urine comes naturally, and my strength and persons system are greatly improved. I shall urine comes naturally, and my strength and nervous system are greatly improved. I shall continue taking Doan's Kidney Pills for some time yet. You can use my endorsement of them; I am g'ad to give it."

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THE GREAT K. AND A. TRAIN ROBBERY.

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

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CHAPTER VII. A CHANGE OF BASE,

We did not reach Flagstaff till 7, and I told the stageload to take possession of their car, while I went to my own. It took me some time to get freshened up, and then I ate my breakfast, for after riding 72 miles in one night even the most heroic purposes have to take the side track. I think, as it was, I proved my devotion pretty well by not going to sleep, since I had been up three nights, with only such naps as I could steal in the saddle, and had ridden over 150 miles to boot. But I couldn't bear to think of Miss Cullen's anxiety. When I had finished eating, I went into 218.

The party were all in the dining room, but it was a very different looking crowd from the one with which that first breakfast had been eaten, and they all looked at me as I entered as if I were the executioner come for victims.

"Mr. Cullen," I said, "I've been forced to do a lot of things that weren't pleasant, but I don't want to do more than I need. You're not the ordinary kind of road agents, and, as I presume your address is known, I don't see any need of arresting one of our own directors as yet. All I ask is that you give me your word for the party that none of you will try to leave the country."

"Certainly, Mr. Gordon," he responded. "And I thank you for your great consideration."

"I shall have to report the case to our president, and I suppose to the postmaster general, but I shan't hurry about either. What they will do I can't say. Probably you know how far you can

keep them quiet." "I think the local authorities are all I have to fear, provided time is given

'I have dismissed the sheriff and his posse, and I gave them \$100 for their work and three bottles of pretty good whisky I had on my car. Unless they get orders from elsewhere, you will not hear any further from them."

"You must let me reimburse what expense we have put you to, Mr. Gordon. I only wish I could as easily repay your kindness."

Nodding my head in assent as well as in recognition of his thanks, I continned, "It was my duty as an official of the K. & A, to recover the stolen mail, and I had to do it."

"We understand that," said Mr. Cullen, "and do not for a moment blame

"But," I went on, for the first time looking at Madge, "it is not my duty to take part in a contest for control of the K. & A., and I shall therefore act in this case as I should in any other loss of mail."

"And that is"- asked Frederic. "I am about to telegraph for instruc-tions from Washington," I said. "As the G. S. has tied up some of your proxies, they ought not to object if we do the same, and I think I can manage so that Uncle Sam will prevent those proxies from being voted at Ash Forks on Friday.

If a galvanic battery had been applied to the breakfast table, it wouldn't have made a bigger change. Madge clapped her hands in joy. Mr. Cullen said "God bless you!" with real feeling. Frederic jumped up and slapped me on the shoulder, crying, "Gordon, you're the biggest old trump breathing," while Albert and the captain shook hands with each other in evident jubilation. Only Lord Ralles remained passive.

"Have you breakfasted?" asked Mr. Cullen when the first joy was over. "Yes," I said. "I only stopped in on

my way to the station to telegraph."
"May I come with you and see what you say?" cried Fred, jumping up.

I nodded, and Miss Cullen said questioningly, "Me too?" making me very happy by the quesion, for it showed that she would speak to me. In a moment we were all walking toward the platform. Despite Lord Ralles, I felt happy, and especially as I had not

dreamed that she would ever forgive me. I took a telegraph blank, and, putting it so that Miss Cullen could see what I said, wrote:

Postmaster General, Washington: I hold, awaiting your instructions, the three registered letters stolen from No. 3 Overland Missouri Western express on Monday, Oct. 14. loss of which has already been notified you.

Then I paused and said: "So far, that's routine, Miss Cullen. Now comes

the help for you." And I continued: The letters may have been tampered with, and I recommend a special agent. Reply Flag-staff, Arizons. RICHARD GORDON, Superintendent K. and A. R. B.

"What will that do?" she asked. "I'm not much at prophecy, and we'll wait for the reply," I said.

All that day we lay at Flagstaff, and after a good sleep, as there was no use keeping the party cooped up in their car, I drummed up some ponies and took the Cullens and Ackland over to the Indian cliff dwellings. I don't think Lord Ralles gained anything by staying behind in a salk, for it was a very jolly ride, or at least that was what it was to I had to tell them all how I had settled on them as the criminals. To hear Miss Cullen talk one would have inferred I was the greatest of living de-

"The mistake we made," she said, 'was not securing Mr. Gordon's help to begin with, for then we should never have needed to hold the train up. or. if we had, we should never have been discovered.'

What was more to me than this ill deserved admiration were two things she said on the way back when we two had paired off and were a bit behind the

"The sandwiches and the whisky were very good," she told me. "And I'm so grateful for the trouble you took"

"It was a pleasure," I said. "And, Mr. Gordon," she continued, and then hesitated for a moment, "my -Frederic told me that you-you said

you henced me for"-"I do," I exclaimed energetically as she paused and colored.

"Do you really?" she cried, "I thought Fred was only trying to make me less unhappy by saying that you

"I said it, and I meant it," I told "I have been so miserable over that

lie," she went on, "but I thought if I let you have the letters it would ruin papa. I really wouldn't mind poverty myself, Mr. Gordon, but he tales such pride in success that I couldn't be the one to do it. I ought to have known you would help us.'

I thought this a pretty good time to make a real apology for my conduct on the trail as well as to tell her how sorry I was at not having been able to repack her bag better. She accepted my apolegy very sweetly and assured me her belongings had been put away so neatly that she had wondered who did it. I knew she only said this out of kindness and told her so, telling also of my struggles over that pink beribboned and belaced affair in a way which made her laugh. I had thought it was a ball gown and wondered at her taking it to the canyon, but she explained that it was a dressing sack. That made me open my eyes, thinking that anything so pretty could be used for the same purposes for which I use my crash bath gown, and, while my eyes were open, I saw the folly of thinking that a girl who wore such things could ever get along on my salary. In that way the incident was a good lesson for me, for it made me feel that even if there had been no Lord Ralles I still should have had no chance.

On our return to the cars there was a telegram from the postmaster general awaiting me. After a glance at it, as the rest of the party looked anxiously on, I passed it over to Miss Cullen, for tory. Then she walked me beyond the I wanted her to have the triumph of reading it aloud. It said: Hold letters pending arrival of Special Agent

"The election is the 18th," Frederic laughed, executing a war dance on the platform. "The G. S.'s dough is cook-

"I must waltz with some one," cried Madge, and before I could offer she took hold of Albert and the two were whirling about, much to my envy. The Cullens were about the most jubilant road agents I had ever seen.

After consultation with Mr. Cullen, we had 218 and 97 attached to No. 1 when it arrived and started for Ash Forks. He wanted to be on the ground a day in advance, and I could easily be back in Flagstaff before the arrival of the special agent.

I took dinner in 218, and they toasted me as if I had done something heroic instead of merely having sent a tele-



They toasted me as if I had done some thing hereic.

gram. Later four sat down to poker, while Miss Cullen, Fred and I sat on the platform, and Madge played on her guitar and sang to us. She had a very sweet voice, and before she had been singing long we had the crew of a "dust express"-as we jokingly call a gravel train-standing about, and they were speedily re-enforced by many cowboys, who left the saloons to listen to her, and who, not being overcareful in the terms with which they expressed their approval, finally by their riotous admiration drove us inside. At Miss Cullen's suggestion we three had a second game of poker, but with chips and not money. She was an awfully reckless player, and the luck was dead in my favor, so Madge kept borrowing my chips till she was so deep in that we both lost account. Finally, when we parted for the night, she held out her hand, and, in the prettiest of ways, said: "I am so deeply in your debt, Mr.

Gordon, that I don't see how I can ever repay you."

I tried to think of something worth saying, but the words wouldn't come and I could only shake her hand. But, duffer as I was, the way she had said those words, and the double meaning she had given them, would have made me the happiest fellow alive if I could only have forgotten the existence of

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW DID THE SECRET LEAK OUT? I made up for my three nights' lack of sleep by not waking the next morning till after 10. When I went to 218, I found only the chef, and he told me the party had gone for a ride. Since I could not talk to Madge, I went to work at my nesk, for I had been rather neglecting my routine work. While I still wrote I heard horses' hoofs, and, look- couldn't help retorting: ing up, saw the Cullens returning. I went out on the platform to wish them | S. methods. good morning, arriving just in time to her saddle; and the way he did it, and after she was down, while he said some- inside of 24 hours. thing to her, made me grit my toeth ! He made an angry exit, and I still to and look the other way. None of the | Fred: "I wish you would attail . : riders had seen me, so I slipped into my

car and went back to work. Fred came in presently to see if I was up yet and to ask me to lunch, but I felt so miserable and downhearted that I made an excuse of my late breakfast for not join-

After luncheon the party in the other special all came out and walked up and down the platform, the sound of their voices and laughter only making me feel the bluer. Before long I heard a rap on one of my windows, and there was Miss Cullen peering in at me. The moment I looked up she called:

"Won't you make one of us, Mr. Misanthrope?

I called myself all sorts of a fool, but out I went as eagerly as if there had been some hope. Miss Cullen began to tease me over my sudden access of energy, declaring that she was sure it was a pose for their benefit, or else due to a guilty conscience over having slept so

"I hoped you would ride with us, though perhaps it wouldn't have paid you. Apparently there is nothing to see in Ash Forks."

"There is something that may interest you all," I said, pointing to a special that had been dropped off No. 2 that morning.

"What is it?" asked Madge. "It's a G. S. special," I said, "and Mr. Camp and Mr. Baldwin and two G. S. officials came in on it."

"What do you think he'd give for those letters?" laughed Fred. "If they were worth so much to you,

I suppose they can't be worth any less to the G. S.," I replied. "Fortunately there is no way that he can learn where they are," said Mr.

Cullen. "Don't let's stand still," cried Miss Culien, "Mr. Gordon, I'll run you a race to the end of the platform." She said this only after getting a big lead, and she got there about eight inches ahead of me, which pleased her mightily. "It takes men so long to get start-

ed," was the way she explained her vicend of the boarding to explain the workings of a switch to her. That it was only a pretext she proved to me the moment I had relocked the bar by saying: "Mr. Gordon, may I ask you a ques-

tion? "Certainly," I assented.
"It is one I should ask papa or Fred, but I am afraid they might not tell me

the truth. You will, won't you?" she begged very earnestly, "I will," said L "Supposing," she continued, "that it

became known that you have those letters? Would it do our side any harm?" I thought for a moment and then shook my head. "No new proxies could arrive here in time for the election," I said, "and the ones I have will not be voted."

She still looked doubtful and asked, "Then why did papa say just now, 'Fortunately?' " "He merely meant that it was safer

they shouldn't know."
"Then it is better to keep it a secret?"

she asked anxiously,
"I suppose so," I said, and then added, "Why should you be afraid of asking your father?" "Because he might-well, if he

knew, I'm sure he would sacrifice himself, and I couldn't run the risk." "I am afraid I don't understand?" I

questioned. "I would rather not explain," she said, and of course that ended the sub-

Our exercise taken, we went back to the Cullens' car and Madge left us to write some letters. A moment later Lord Ralles remembered he had not written home recently, and he, too, went forward to the dining room. That made me call myself-something, for not having offered Miss Cullen the uso of my desk in 97. Owing to this the two missed part of the big game we were playing, for barely were they gone when one of the servants brought a card to Mr. Cullen, who looked at it and exclaimed, "Mr. Camp!" Then, after a speaking pause, in which we all

exchanged glances, he said, "Bring On Mr. Camp's entrance he looked as much surprised as we had all done a moment before. "I beg your pardon for intruding, Mr. Cullen," he said. "I was told that this was Mr. Gordon's car, and I wish to see him."

"I am Mr. Gordon." "You are traveling with Mr. Cullen?" he inquired, with a touch of suspicion in his manner.

"No," I answered. "My special is the next car, and I was merely enjoy-

ing a cigar here."
"Ah!" 'said Mr. Camp. "Then I won't interrupt your smoke, and will only relieve you of those letters of mine.

I took a good pull at my cigar, and blew the smoke out in a cloud slowly to gain time. "I don't think I follow you," I said.

"I understand that you have in your possession three letters addressed to

"I have," I assented. "Then I will ask you to deliver them to me.

"I can't do that." "Why not?" he challenged. "They're my property." I produced the postmaster general's telegram and read it to him.

"Why, this is infamous!" Mr. Camp cried. "What use will those letters be after the 20th? It's a conspiracy." "I can only obey instructions," I said. "It shall cost you your position if

you do," Mr. Camp threatened.
As I've already said, I haven't a good temper, and when he told me that I "That's quite on a par with most G.

good morning, arriving just in time to l "I'm not speaking for the G. S., see Lord Ralles help Miss Cullen out of young man," said Mr. Camp. "I speak as a director of the Kansas and Arizona. the way he continued to hold her hand What is more, I will have those letters

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and spy out the proceedings of the enemy's camp. He may telegraph to Washington, and if there's any chance of the postmaster general revoking his order I must go back to Flagstaff on No. 4 this afternoon."

"He shan't do anything that I don't know about till he goes to bed," Fred promised. "But how the dence did he know that you had those letters?" That was just what we were all puzzling over, for only the occupants of No.

218 and myself, so far as I knew, were in a position to let Mr. Camp hear of that fact. As Fred made his exit he said, 'Don't tell Madge that there is a new complication, for the dear girl has had

worries enough already. ' Miss Cullen not rejoining us, and Lord Ralles presently doing so, I went to my own car, for he and I were not good furniture for the same room. Before I had been there long Fred came

tushing in. "Camp and Baldwin have been in consultation with a lawyer," he said, 'and now the three have just boarded those cars," pointing out the window at the branch line train that was to leave for Phenix in two minutes.

"You must go with them," I urged, 'and keep us informed as to what they do, for they evidently are going to set the law on us, and the G. S. has always owned the territorial judges, so they'll stretch a point to oblige them. 'Have I time to fill a bag?"

"Plenty," I answered him, and, going out, I ordered the train held till I should give the word. "What does it all mean?" asked Miss

Cullen, joining me. I laughed and replied, "I'm holding up a train all by my lonesome."

"But my brother came dashing in ust now and said he was starting for Phenix. " "Let her go," I called to the con-

ductor, as Fred jumped aboard, and the train pulled out. "I hope there's nothing wrong?"

Madge questioned anxiously.
"Nothing to worry over," I laughed. "Only a little more fun for our money. By the way, Miss Cullen," I went on, to avoid her questions, "if you have your letters ready and will let me have them at once, I can get them on No. 4."

Miss Cullen blushed as if I had said something I ought not to have and stammered, "I-I didn't write them, after "I beg your pardon," I said, thinking

stand that the letters of both berself and Lord Ralles had been only a pretext to get away from the rest of us. My apology and evident embarrassment deepened Miss Cullen's blush fivefold, and she said barriedly, "I found I was tired, and so, instead of writing, I

what a dunce I had been not to under-

went to my room and rest.d.' I suppose any girl would have invented the same yarn, yet it hurt me more than the bigger one she had told on Hance's trail. Small as the incident was, it made me very blue and led me to shut myself up in my own car for the rest of that afternoon and evening. Indeed, I couldn't sleep, but sat up working, quite for tful of the passing hours, till a glance at my watch startled me with the fact that it was a quarter of 2. Feeling like anything more than sleep, I went out on the platform, and, lighting a cigar, paced up and down, thinking of-well, thinking.

The night agent was sitting in the station, nodding, and after I had walked for an hour I went in to ask him if the train to Phenix had arrived on time. As I opened the door, the telegraph instrument began clicking and called Ash Forks. The man, with the curious ability that operators get of recognizing their own call, even in sleep, waked up instantly and responded, and, not wishmy question till he should be free. I stood there thinking of Madge, and ticked off the cipher signature of the sending operator, and the "24 paid." But as I heard the clicks

This is what the instrument ticked:

listened for what followed the date.

Are you tired and overworked? Have you tha languid feeling with loss of ambition? Have you sleepless nights? Are you tired in the morning; Have you been indiscrete? Have you Emissions. Loss of Manhood Varicocele, Nervousness, Kid ney, Bladder or Stomach Troubles, and Loss of Appetite? Have you pain in the back, sediment of strings in the urine? If so, call on us for free consultation.

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That may not look particularly intelligible, but if the Phenix operator had been talking over the phone to me he couldn't have said any plainer:

Sheriff yavapai county ash forks arizona be at railroad station three forty five today to meet train arriving from phenix prepared to immediately serve peremptory mandamus is-sued tonight by judge wilson sig theodore e

My question being pretty thoroughly answered, I went back and continued my walk, but before five minutes had passed the operator came out and handed me a message. It was from Fred, and read thus:

Camp, Baldwin, and lawyer went at once to house of Judge Wilson, where they staid an hour. They then returned with judge to station, and after dispatching a telegram have taken seats in train for Ash Forks, leaving here at 3:25. I shall return with them. A bigger idiot than I could have understood the move. I was to be hauled before Judge Wilson by means of man-

damus proceedings, and, as he was coming to Ash Forks solely to oblige Mr. Camp and was notoriously a G. S. judge, he would unquestionaly declare the letters the property of Mr. Camp and order their delivery. Apparently I had my choice of being a traitor to Madge, of going to prison for contempt of court, or of running

away, which was not far off from ac-

knowledging that I had done something

wrong. I didn't like any one of the options. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Biliousness Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents diges tion and permits food to ferment and putrify in

or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, con stipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

Niles, Mich., June 9 .- Edward Anneck, a wealthy farmer of this county, residing near Sodus, was terribly assaulted by two unknown highwaymen near Indian lake. He was returning home from the lake when he was attacked. He was terribly battered and his face disfigured. His body was dragged into an adjoining wood, where it was found late next day. A small sum of money and his gold watch were taken. He has not yet recovered consciousness and his wounds

will probably be fatal. English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from borses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, King-bone, Stifles, Sprains all Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save 850, by use of one bottle. Warranted the next wonderful Biemish Cure ever known \$1.6 by Johnson & Henderson, druggists Catt.

Pingree's Veto Stops the Book. Lansing, Mich., June 5.—Governor Pingree vetoed the bill appropriating \$2,000 for publishing the collections of the State Pioneer society relating to the early history of Michigan. Because of this the society in annual session found It necessary to decide to cease the puplication of these volumes.

The camel is a beast of great strength instantly and responded, and, not wishing to interrupt him, I delayed asking proverbiat "last straw" is added to its burden. The human digestive system is very much like a camei it is really listening heedlessly as the instrument astonishing how much abuse it will stand. Sometimes, however, something worse than usual will be eaten, and will go through the stomach into the bowels, and there it will stick—that's constipation. Nine tenths of which meant ph, I suddenly became attentive, and when it completed Phenix Some of the simplest symptoms are coated I concluded Fred was wiring me and torgue and feul breath, dizziness, heart-burn, distribute, sailowness, distress after esting, headaches and lassitude. thing will cause constitution, and a little thing will reneve it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Peliels are a certain cure for constitution. They are tiny, sugar contest granules, mild and natural in their action. There is nothing injurious about them /Sold by

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